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THE OLD RELIABLE



**Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

LITERARY CORNER.

Continuing a series of what might be called expert evidence on fiction, Clara Morris writes on "The Stage in Books" in the January number of The Reader Magazine. She writes as forcibly as she used to act, and has some very plain words to say. "The Bishop's Carriage," a serial which is by now impatiently waited for, carries on its keen-witted heroine through lively adventures, on the stage, behind the scenes, and elsewhere, but always lively and absorbing. The only other story is one by Eugene R. White, which laughably shows the disadvantages that even a treasure of a servant may have. Frederick Keppel, the well-known art-dealer, tells amusing tales of Whistler, who was both a friend and an enemy of his, and makes some pointed comment on the artist's work and on his eccentric character. The "Little Stories of Journalism," by Julius Chambers, continue to be exciting, moving, touching,

funny, by turn, or even all at once. One is about a deaf-mute girl's reporting a political meeting in Pennsylvania; one about the author's fortuitously helping a Spanish grandee to escape from Spain; one about a maniac's funeral ring. The most serious literary article is one by Sadakichi Hartmann on Japanese poetry; and more frivolous ones are on "Heroes on Trust," "The Novelist's Gentleman," by Geraldine Bonner,—who ought to know,—and "A Bookseller's Pipe Dreams," by Percy Douglas. Carolyn Wells has her usual witty comment on the latest books, which is a sort of flavoring for the regular book reviews of the number, and Bert Leston Taylor has his "Reading Sauce." There is another purely humorous article, "A Day from the Diary of a 1925 Financial Magnate," the name merely faintly suggests what comical satire it is. John Cecil Clay has a three-color portrait cover of Dr. Weir Mitchell, an excellent likeness. The notes on "Writers and Readers" are as sprightly as ever, and contain a new picture of Henry Harland.

Although names so good as Yone Noguchi, Zona Gale, Arthur Stringer, Arthur Gibson Hull, and Florence Earle Coates are among the poets this month, yet the knowing will see in "The Oracles" by A. E. Housman the gem of the whole number; for a good many of them consider him the best poet now writing in English, and realize how very seldom anything new of his is published.

The Stage in Books.

There have been many young girls ready to believe as gospel truth anything they saw in a book, and the more innocent, the less suited they were to analyze the statements made in these inconsequent tales. They only saw that by way of the theatre, any pretty girl in poverty, in trouble, could in the briefest time become great, powerful, and wealthy. No word was said of the long toil in obscurity, the yearning for recognition, the perpetual disappointment, the thousand hopes always withering like leaves before frost, the wretched life in poverty; of struggles against numbers and perhaps jealousy and malice, of slow increase of salary, of equal increase of expense. The old-time novelist was silent as to all these, and only dealt in large and vague splendors—never adequately accounted for.

Poor, romantic little maids! One does not like to think what the effect of the gilded nonsense of such books about the stage may have been, but in my own mind I compare them with such a book as "The Mummer's Wife," that frightful and realistic story of Mr. George Moore's—that horror in stupendous realism, but "Oh, Son of David, have mercy upon us!" it is the truth!—Clara Morris in the Reader Magazine for January.



A Song for the New Year.

Earnest Neal Lyon in The Reader Magazine for January

A song for the New Year! Exultant its hours,—
The dust of defeat hath not sullied its flowers,
But Fancy hath dipped them in roseal dew,
And brought them—all blooming in beauty—to you.

A song for the New Year! A clarion strong;
Achievement—thru' service,—refreshment thro' song!
No mountain too mighty for Faith to remove;
No labor too lowly, transfigured by Love!

A song for the New Year! A message of Joy,
May never a discord its music alloy!
But, growing in sweetness and melody clear,
May it ever inspirit and strengthen and cheer!

ANOTHER ROPING SUCCESS.

The Show Pulled Off by Fred Schmidt
Draws Good Crowds who
Are Well Entertained.

The first day's show was rendered under difficulties the principal of which was a high north wind. The ropes when tossed would fall without regard for the roper's aim. However the audience thoroughly enjoyed the performances. The grand stand had a good crowd and for several hundred yards up the fence there were onlookers. The quarter stretch had a good crowd too. There were many ladies present despite the wind and dust. People came from San Antonio, Temple and all along the Santa Fe Branch to see the roping.

The first performance was given by Joe Hooker, that daring and efficient trick rider and conqueror of horses. He rode a grey broncho, belonging to Willis Johnson, with a record of throwing perhaps twenty good riders in the past. He was hard to saddle and Hooker was having a hard tussle with him when Boogher Red came forward and offered his assistance. Tom is naturally a horse-tamer, a horse-trainer and a broncho-buster. After a little gentleness and a few kind words and caressing touches the little grey consented to be saddled and Hooker mounted. Then came his work, the sight of which was worth the price of admission. The little grey bucked, pitched, twisted, swapped ends with lightning-like rapidity but to no purpose. Hooker remained astride him. He rubbed against the fence and he ran into the crowd, still Hooker was there. At last, after becoming pretty well used to his rider, Hooker dismounted, unsaddled and the broncho was turned loose.

THE ROPING CONTEST.

Six good ropers with two steers each were billed for the second number on the program.

Fred Baker was the first man up. He chased a strenuous looking red steer and threw his noose, the rope slipped and he had to make a second throw. His hands were up in 58 2-5 seconds.

John Murrah's steer was red and robust. He went for him in

good time, tossed nicely and was tying when redly arose. He threw him again and signalled in 51 3-5 seconds.

Clay McGonagil made a run after a red one, made a pretty toss, threw hard and quickly tied considering that one of the steer's hind legs was broken and unweildly. Time 40 seconds.

Jimmie Barron made a good run, tossed nicely, caught on neck and threw hard choking the steer to death. His hands were up in 56 2-5 seconds.

Joe Gardner made a quick run at a red one, first toss slipping, tossed again quickly, threw rapidly and made a record tie. Time 44 4-5 seconds.

Bert Weir had hard luck. He had to throw twice and was slow in tying; time 1:28.

SECOND ROUND.

Fred Baker came up with a quick throw at a slow steer a quick tie, and his hands were up at 27 2-5 seconds.

John Murrah tossed getting one horn and one foot, slow in getting loose, had a long run for the second toss, made a quick tie, time 1:34 2-5.

Clay McGonagil had to make two tosses but got in quick work on the tie and had his hands up in 31 3-5 seconds.

Jimmie Barron tossed quickly and downed his steer well but his horse circling to the left pulled the steer up, he made a good tie however on second throw, time 1:05.

Joe Gardner chased a white long-horn, did quick work tossing and tying and had his hands up in 29 2-5 seconds.

Bert Weir drew a red steer, made a slow throw with a fairly quick tie, time 1:11 1-5.

Joe Hooker then exhibited his skill in riding. Hooker is a fearless and excellent rider. He rides on his back on the horse's back or in the saddle, jumps over the horse, rides with his feet in the air and one hand in the stirrup and all this while the horse is running. He was liberally cheered and his performance was satisfactory to everybody.

Will Pickett, "the dusky demon" attempted to throw a steer but failed and had a good hard fall, tried twice more getting falls

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each time and finally quit without throwing at all.

SECOND DAY.

Saturday's weather was very fine. A prettier day could not have been had. The air was cool and crisp. The ropers were all in a good mood and everything went off perfectly smooth. The event of the day was the 3-steer contest between Bert Weir and John Murrah.

Weir came up first with a pretty run, a quick toss, a pretty throw but was slow in tying, time 34 4-5 seconds.

Murrah got a red long horn, made quick work all through and had his hands up in 29 seconds.

Weir's second steer was slow, he missed his first toss, made a slow run for his second one and got him down and tied in 1:02 4-5.

Murrah missed his second steer on the first toss but got him down with a quick tie in 44 4-5 seconds.

Weir made a pretty run, a quick toss, missed, tossed a second time, threw his steer twice before holding, tied well, time 1:14 1/2.

Murrah's third steer was a long ways off when he started, missed on first and second tosses, made good on the third one in 1:34 4-5.

The total times were:
Weir, 4:12 1-10.
Murrah, 3:28 3-5.
The purse was \$500.

THE GOAT ROPING.

Roping goats is a bit of diversion for the experts. Some of the amateurs however made slow time because after his billyship makes one little sudden dash for liberty

Continued on Page 2

Reedy on Christmas.

[William Marion Reedy in the Mirror.]

There is much sermonizing prevalent in all periodicals just now, and most of it we have heard for years in a familiar strain. Really there's no need for sermonizing. People are generally a pretty good sort, and their feelings are, at least, as kindly and their reasoning, at least, as sound as that of the men who write and talk at them all the year around. Everybody knows what Christmas means. Everybody is responsive to the Christmas sentiment that pervades the atmosphere. Everybody feels a little more kindly disposed toward his fellow beings at this time. Why then, should anyone labor himself to deck out anew a select assortment of Christmas generalities calculated from the meridian of a somewhat trite, not to say, a cheap, sentimentality.

Santa Fe Excursion Rates.

Local holiday excursions. Convention rates, on sale Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 31, and Jan. 1, 1904.

Port Lavaca, Marlin, Wooten Wells, Corpus Christi, Aransas Pass, Rockport and Portland, Texas. All year tourist rate in effect with a 60 day limit.

Brenham, Texas, Sunny South Handicap Shoot, on sale Jan. 16th and 17th, rate \$12.80.

Plano, Texas, Texas Swine Breeders' Association, on sale Jan. 11th, rate \$11.85.

F. E. SKINNER, Agent.

Taking Inventory.

Almost every merchant in the city was busily engaged during the past week "taking stock." This has to be done to correctly ascertain the results of the year's business. Most of the businesses in San Angelo have done remarkably well during 1903 and are feeling good over it. The Press hopes that their inventories will afford them pleasant surprises, and wishes them all and every reader of the paper a Happy New Year.

Furs. Furs. Bring your furs to H. H. Sigman & Co. for highest cash prices.

A Grown Folk's Kindergarten.

The Woman's Club inter having a mock kindergarten so time towards the latter part January. Grown folks are going to play the parts of children and the performances will be highly entertaining. An announcement of the exact date with program and prices of admission will appear in these columns later.

Fight Will be Bitter.

Those who will persist in clinging their ears against the counsel recommendation of King's New Discovery for consumption, will have a long a bitter fight with their troubles, not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. Beall, of Beall, Miss., has to say: "Last fall my wife had every symptom of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after everything else had failed. Improvement came at once. At four bottles entirely cured. Guaranteed by J. W. Harris druggist. Price 50c, and \$ Trial bottles free.

Treasurer Sampson.

Several weeks ago, W. M. Sampson our Co. Treasurer had occasion to make a trip to Hunt County on private business and being detained longer than first expected and not hearing directly from him, suspicion was entertained that he had absconded with the county's funds, and a warrant was gotten out for his arrest and Sheriff Wood went in search of him. While our sheriff was on this mission, Mr. Sampson wrote to Judge Coulson and other friends that he would soon be at home. Not knowing of this Sheriff Wood located Mr. Sampson, and arrested him and returned home with him last Sunday, explanations followed and as a matter of form entered into bond with three of the staunchest men of the county for his appearance before our next Dist. Court. It is now remembered that no warrant has ever been dishonored or other direct evidence of default has been discovered. Mr. Sampson says he will meet every demand of the county when the time comes for settlement. Mr. Sampson has a host of friends here who regret the unfortunate affair.—Sterling City News-Record.

The Reporter suggests that the traveling fakirs who want to skin the people to be kept off the main business street and relegated to vacant lots. We are not in love with that class anyway and see no reason why they should be allowed to disturb the whole town by blocking the streets and pavements. "They pay license," a friend suggests. So do the merchants pay license as well as taxes, support charities, churches, etc., and they are entitled to some consideration. If a home man wants to auction off goods, we have not a word of protest, and if he can get better results by putting his stuff up in front of our office he is more than welcome to do it, but when a fellow comes along to sell some worthless article and really get something for nothing, even if he pays two dollars or so for a license, we really think he ought to be kept off the busy streets. Don't you think so? The law is entirely to easy on these traveling fakes. Some pay nothing. A short time ago a man shipped in a car of apples, sold in competition to our merchants who support the town, county and state by tax rates and this stranger could not be made to pay one cent license. We are not blaming the stranger, but the law—it is wrong.—Abilene Reporter.

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